


Price 2 Cents

LUCIFER.



THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. VII., No. 16.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 30, E. M. 303. [C. E. 1903.]

WHOLE No. 967

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

In chains the heart of beauteous woman lay,
Subject to man, and robbed of half its power;
Love, that should spring up sweetly like a flower,
Aborted lived, midst blasting and decay.
Whose life broke free, she perished in dismay;
Who spoke of freedom soon must sadly cower,
Seeing the brow of her taskmaster lour,
His hand upraised to smite her or to slay.
Among those lives abject, one, brave, arose
And cried, "Behold! this shall not always be:
Woman, arise; only the bold are free!"
Nor insults, heavier bonds, nor bitter blows
Availed to still her, where, midst daunted foes,
She stood with looks that pierced futurity.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

The dust of a hundred years
Is on thy breast,
And thy day and thy night of tears
Are centurine rest.
Thou to whom joy was dumb,
Life a broken rhyme,
Lo, thy smiling time is come,
And our weeping time.

Thou who hadst sponge and myrrh
And a bitter cross,
Smile, for the day is here
That we know our loss;—
Loss of thine undone deed,
Thy unfinished song,
Th' unspoken word for our need,
Th' unrighted wrong.

Smile, for we weep, we weep,
For the unsoothed pain,
The unbound wound, turned deep,
That we might gain.
Mother of sorrowful eyes
In the dead old days,
Mother of many sighs,
Of pain-shod ways;

Mother of resolute feet
Through all the thorns;
Mother soul-strong, soul-sweet,—
Lo, after the storms
Have broken and beat thy dust
For a hundred years,
Thy memory is made just,
And the just man hears.

Thy children kneel and repeat:
"Though dust be dust,

Though sod and coffin and sheet
And moth and rust
Have folded and molded and pressed,
Yet they cannot kill.
In the heart of the world at rest,
She liveth still."

—*Voltairine de Cleyre.*

Philadelphia, April 27, 1893.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT: A SYMPOSIUM.

By Laura H. Earle.

Mary Wollstonecraft's latest biographer, Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell, says:

"Those who judge Mary Wollstonecraft by her conduct, without inquiring into her motives, or reading her book [she alludes to the "Vindication of the Rights of Woman"], might conclude that what she desired was the destruction of family ties, and, consequently, of moral order."

Thus does she defend a Mary Wollstonecraft. One may well say, "Defend me from my defenders."

We must judge people by their conduct. Conduct is ever a better guide to a man's character than are his writings. Mary Wollstonecraft's writings, in particular, are a long way behind her conduct of life. And her conduct was not, as Mrs. Pennell would imply, subversive of family ties. In spite of all that has been written and said on the subject, it is still somewhat uncertain just what it is that constitutes the Family. In this peculiarity—indefiniteness of form—it partakes of the nature of all the other objects of human worship, from time immemorial. But it is strange for a woman of our day, and a person of Mrs. Pennell's evident enlightenment, to write in a strain as if the family did not exist except on a piece of parchment, and within a finger-ring.

Mary Wollstonecraft lived with Imlay as long as he would live with her, and she bore him a child, to whom she was a devoted mother. This was surely a family life, and a formal marriage could not have made it more so. But, in the disregard of what she considered meaningless forms, she showed the world what a brave spirit can do. The event proved the wisdom of the dissolvability of the bond, in this case, although the break in the connection brought grief to Mary. The time of her union with Godwin was too short to pronounce what its character would have been had she lived; but to him also she bore a child; which makes it tolerably certain that here, too, would have been a family.

Her letters to Imlay are charming. They make a striking picture of her individuality at that time: impulsive, generous, affectionate, jealous and quick-tempered she was. We may imagine her jealous in spite of her reason, which could not approve that failing of the weak. In one of the letters to Imlay she speaks of a certain woman, half-jestingly, thus: "—is a pretty woman (I can admire, you know, a pretty woman, when I

am alone)." Again, she writes seriously: "If a wandering of the heart, or even a caprice of the imagination, detains you, there is an end of all my hopes of happiness. I could not forgive it if I would."

These remarks are interesting as showing the point she had reached in mental development, and as a possible indication of the weak link in the chain that bound her and Imlay. Her intellect, though strong, had not yet freed her from the traditions of sex-ownership. This feeling in Mary must have been, to a man of the world like Imlay, almost unendurable.

Her passion for Imlay was sincere and deep; but, while her earlier letters show her exacting and jealous, the later ones make it evident that she had never known the man as he really was. Mrs. Pennell, speaking of this episode, calls it "the saddest of all sad love stories": a very extreme statement; first, because this one is the counterpart of many—one might say of most—love stories. Secondly, because we remember that the heroine of this story, although she suffered much at her lover's desertion, was within the year in love with another—Godwin. A heart-break that is healed within a year does not sadden us excessively. But this submission to time and events only gives additional proof of Mrs. Wollstonecraft's uncommon mental poise. Love is natural and eternal: heart-break abnormal and pathologic.

The circumstances of her later union with Godwin are evidence that Mary learned from life; that she outgrew much of the prejudice of possession in love, of which jealousy is the outward sign. Had she lived longer, and she and Godwin continued to maintain their independent manner of living, against the whole world's pressure, we should doubtless have seen the results in some really powerful work from Mary's pen. And Godwin himself perhaps would not have become the melancholy picture that he was in Shelley's eyes in later years.

In this experiment of Mary's and Godwin's,—she in one house, he in another; visiting each other when they would, but each respecting the other's privacy; each respecting the personality—nay, the life—of the other,—what chance was there not for a true love to develop!

So it is Mary Wollstonecraft's conduct and life that were epoch-making, rather than her writings. By her independent action she doubtless helped women forward materially; indeed, this influence is still working in the world; while her writings, bold as they were for her time, have, I think, long ceased to be a motive power. These always suffered from a cumbersome and pedantic style. There is, too, a weak vein of sentimentalism in what she wrote for publication, which does not appear, however, in the perfectly natural letters to Imlay.

Women have yet to find out that it is through action—by living—not by contemplation, reflection, nor even by writing, that the world is moved. When they are fully convinced of this, then they will begin to be natural.

By Celia B. Whitehead.

Nearly twenty years ago an orthodox acquaintance said to me (somewhat severely, I imagine, for she was of a severe nature and seemed to enjoy depicting the "destruction of the wicked and the wrath to come"), "I suppose you believe as Mary Wollstonecraft did." I asked in reply, "Who was Mary Wollstonecraft and what did she believe?"—for I had never heard of her.

My knowledge had not increased very much when I was invited to contribute to a Wollstonecraft number of *Lucifer*. I encouraged myself with "Never too old to learn," and consulting my encyclopedia for Mary Wollstonecraft read "See Godwin." I followed directions, with a feeling of irritation that a woman should submerge herself, even in name. It is all right for a dog to wear a collar with its owner's name on it, but I hope the time will come when a woman will not think it necessary to put a man's name on her visiting card. Nevertheless I "saw Godwin," with the following result: "Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, 1759-97; b. England; became teacher and governess, and in 1786 published 'Thoughts on the Education of

Daughters'; afterwards 'Mary,' a novel; 'Original Stories,' and translations from Lavater. Having great sympathy with the ideas that instigated the French Revolution, she went to Paris, where she became the mistress of an American known as Imlay. He deserted her and William Godwin married her. She died in her thirty-eighth year in giving birth to a daughter, who became the wife of the poet Shelley."

A meager outline of a brief life! As I read it a great wave of aloneness swept over me. For the time I seemed to be Mary Wollstonecraft and to cry out, like the woman in Olive Schreiner's "Three Dreams in a Desert," "I am alone, I am utterly alone." The little I had learned interested me profoundly. I wanted to know more. Between the lines of that grudging, half-contemptuous sketch was a great deal more than appeared in the lines themselves. Preferring, always when possible, to get my information about a person from the person herself, I tried at the Denver Public Library to get "Vindication of the Rights of Woman." It was not there; neither was her "Memoirs," written by Godwin. The best I could do was to get her life, written by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. The introduction to this book begins as follows: "Few women have worked so faithfully for the cause of humanity as Mary Wollstonecraft, and few have been the objects of such bitter censure."

I read the book with a feeling of gratitude to those who in the columns of *Lucifer* brought me to seek to know of this wonderful woman. What can I write of her? Who, knowing all the ascertainable facts regarding her heredity and early environment, would have said: "These will produce a genius"? Who can analyze them now and show why they did produce a genius? Not I, surely; and again the question comes, "What can I write?" I am impressed by her extraordinary courage, perseverance, industry, clearheadedness, generosity, earnestness, affection, honor, nobility, refusal to be governed by the shams and conventionalities of life, love of truth, sense of justice, immense self-reliance outside of the realm of affection and utter dependence within that realm, and intensity of thought and feeling. All these she possessed or was possessed by in a remarkable degree; but most of all am I haunted by the misery that attended her through life. One writer observes, "The calamities of her life so miserably prove the impropriety of her doctrines." (I wonder if this writer called himself a Christian and if so how he construed the "calamities" that attended the life of Jesus of Nazareth and the lives of his immediate followers.) So impressed am I by her sufferings that I have decided to leave other matters to other writers and touch only on this one phase of her life.

When I first read that she died at the age of thirty-eight it seemed a fact for almost infinite regret. After reading her life I regretted it no more. Her happiness could be measured by a few months; her misery only by many, many years. Her intellectual and literary unfoldment gave promise of noble fruitage compared with which the work she had done seemed but a budding; but I shrink from the thought of the suffering which was inevitable. To me it seems as if the shadows of her childhood and youth had so darkened her life that only a superhuman human love could lighten it. My terms may seem paradoxical. Let me explain: Mary Wollstonecraft was of a deeply religious nature, and her letters, especially the earlier ones, abound with expressions of her dependence on a divine Providence; but she was also a striking example of what the poet meant when she wrote—

"But while the lips ask love divine,
The heart asks love that's human."

Born with an intense craving for love, which neither her father nor mother gave her, with a refinement of nature that could not tolerate coarseness, a love of truth that scorned deception, and a passionate sense of justice, she was foredoomed to disappointment in affairs of the heart.

For a short time she was very happy with Imlay, and Mrs. Pennell says, regarding her life with Godwin: "In her own house, surrounded by husband and children, she would have been not only a great but a happy woman." "The calm created by her more happy circumstances would have lessened her pessimistic

"I cannot share this thought. She had been married less than a year when she wrote this to Godwin: 'Whatever tenderness you took away with you seems to have evaporated on the journey. . . . The chance of your not coming shows so little consideration that, unless you suppose me to be a stick or a stone, you have forgot to think, as well as to feel, since you have been on the wing.'"

Her biographer assures us that "this misunderstanding, however, was of short duration. The 'little rift' in their case never widened to make their life-music mute."

But, my dear Mrs. Pennell, there were years and years to come. Mr. Godwin could not have kept his love tuned up to concert pitch all the time, the shadows of childhood would have closed around her, he would have grown weary trying to dispel them, and another heart-breaking separation, like that from Imlay, would have come. She was spared that. I am glad she died while she was still happy.

At the close Mrs. Pennell writes: "Whether her principles and conduct be applauded or condemned, she must always be honored for her integrity of motive, her fearlessness of action, and her faithful devotion to the cause of humanity."

By Lizzie M. Holmes.

The rebellious cry of a slave is never an agreeable sound, and is never popular at the time it is heard. Be it ever so expressive, ever so strong, ever so eloquent, the majority of the people will not listen to it, and many would like to see the crier killed that his protests might be silenced.

Sometimes, if in after years the slave and his fellows should gain a modicum of freedom, the worth of the first rebel is recognized and he receives a belated measure of appreciation and praise. Only "success succeeds" and then the reviled rebel becomes a hero.

Mary Wollstonecraft was the first woman in these later centuries to raise a cry for the "Rights of Women," and really inaugurated the modern Woman's Rights movement. The rights that have been claimed for women during the century since Mary Wollstonecraft lived have been ridiculed, abused, misrepresented, tossed aside as worthless: yet, almost unconsciously to society, the conditions that warrant for women all that she demanded have slowly swept into existence, and even while we are laughing at the "coming woman," lo! she is here as the "new woman" and we accept her whether or no, and find ourselves made as happy by her and as dearly loved as ever. And we find her so great. There is so much of her; she is brave as well as gentle, wise as well as loving, self-poised and self-respecting as well as self-sacrificing and faithful. There are not enough of her as yet, but she is still coming. There is a new vitality in society, new thoughts stirring revived minds, new and better loves springing up and higher ideas of happiness coming into existence. And we are still improving. This new and better condition of affairs has had as one of its most powerful promoters the work of the brave band of women who were in the first place aroused to action by the noble and energetic Mary Wollstonecraft.

The demands made by the Woman's Rights societies may not always have been wisely made; not always timely, and not always what women really needed. But their influence in bringing about better conditions for women can scarcely be estimated. While they demanded in strenuous tones "the ballot for women," "representation with taxation" and, except in a few instances, have failed utterly, they have brought about what is far better, viz., the recognition of woman's rights to herself, to live her own life, to development, to a choice in the use of her powers in the world of industry, art and learning.

Mary Wollstonecraft's claim for rights for women included all that has come to her and more; she believed that equal franchise would bring about a recognition of her equal rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, sooner than anything else. It was too soon then for even the most advanced of thinkers to appreciate the fact that the ballot, like the scepter, is an instrument of despotism and no person living has a "God-given right"

to use it. This thought is heresy even now, but thoughtful people know it is true. All the reasons that have ever been urged against the use of the ballot by women were well grounded; but they weigh against its use by men as well. It used to be said that woman ought not to expect the right of franchise because she could not carry a gun. But the truth is, that intelligent human beings ought to use neither. One is a form of violent coercion, so is the other. It is not a thing to be proud of—that of being trained to kill one's fellow beings; it is no more honorable to force one's fellows to obey laws and to live under conditions which they despise; so it has been no great loss to women that they could neither carry a gun and fight like a soldier, nor cast a ballot like a politician.

Women have made these demands as a groundwork for greater liberty in all fields; for equal opportunities, for the right to choose their vocations, their beliefs, their friends and their lovers; and that they have not got what they asked for, but have gained in some degree these higher rights, is a grand accomplishment.

In the days when virtuous women were to be seen only in the home, when women were secluded, guarded, protected and commanded, and from whom only domesticity, faithfulness, tenderness to her own, and obedience were expected, it was a mighty work to write such a book as "The Rights of Woman"; and brave must have been the woman who "dared." But hers was a large soul, and the brain that could conceive unaided the thoughts contained in it, worthy to be remembered through all the long ages to come after her. Mary Wollstonecraft was one of the great women of that century; besides her wonderful ability she was loving, true, sympathetic, and she understood her own nature and lived up to it. But like Thomas Paine, her good works are forgotten because she advocated an unpopular cause. She has not been remembered as she should have been in this country; she helped to lay the foundation of such freedom, independence, brave thinking as we possess, and should be remembered as a heroine. But if only in the hearts of a few liberty-loving thinkers her memory is held sacred, let it be with more intense reverence and love, for that fact; may her memory be kept green forever in the minds of all those who love liberty, equality and fraternity.

By Charlotte Watson.

There are perhaps no two persons who have lived in the past two centuries who have been more grossly misrepresented and maligned than Mary Wollstonecraft and Thomas Paine, yet the ideas of this woman and this man on government, religion and sociology have, after nearly 150 years of slow but steady growth, been so infused into the civilization of today that progress of the human race would be impossible without them.

The writings of this woman and man have been mighty influences in directing the human mind to the solution of the problem of liberty. A scant measure of justice is now being rendered to the memory of Thomas Paine. His "Rights of Man," while still denounced by priests and kings, is the political classic and guidebook of the republican spirit that is abroad in the earth.

The rights of man was a utopian idea that had haunted the human mind for centuries, but Thomas Paine first dared give voice to it.

That woman had human rights had been merely hinted at in suppressed tones by Mary Astell, who lived a hundred years before Mary Wollstonecraft; later by Condorcet, and a Hungarian woman whose name has been lost to history; but their words were so faint that they died in expression.

On the 27th of April, 1759, Mary Wollstonecraft was born at Hoxton, England. She was destined to be a radiant prophetess, to blaze a new path for her sex from that of deep subjection to mental and financial independence. The oppressions and sorrows of her sex fell like a pall upon her great heroic heart

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125.]

Lucifer, the Lightbearer

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK AT 500 FULTON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Terms: One year, \$1; six months, 50 cents; three months, 25 cents.

Entered at the Chicago Postoffice as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Eastern Representative, E. C. Walker, 244 W. 143d street, New York.

Lucifer—Its Meaning and Purpose.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

LUCIFEROUS—Giving Light; affording light or the means of discovery.—*Same.*

LUCIFIC—Producing Light.—*Same.*

LUCIFORM—Having the form of Light.—*Same.*

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

The Wollstonecraft Symposium.

A few weeks ago the plan of a memorial number of Lucifer in honor of the life and work of Mary Wollstonecraft was suggested by James B. Elliott of Philadelphia. In this current issue of the Light Bearer our readers see the result of that suggestion.

Of the various contributions to this symposium I wish to say but little. They speak for themselves. But, believing that comparatively few of our readers ever saw any of the writings of this pioneer rebel against the sexual enslavement of woman, I wish to present a few extracts from the volume called "Letters to Imlay," as characteristic specimens of her style of writing and trend of her thought. Among the earlier and less impassioned of these letters is the following:

"So much for business! May I venture to talk a little longer about less weighty affairs? How are you? I have been following you all along the road this comfortless weather; for, when I am absent from those I love, my imagination is as lively as if my senses had never been gratified by their presence—I was going to say caresses—and why should I not? I have found out that I have more mind than you, in one respect; because I can, without any violent effort of reason, find food for love in the same object, much longer than you can. The way to my senses is through my heart; but forgive me! I think there is a shorter cut to yours.

"With ninety-nine men out of a hundred, a very sufficient dash of folly is necessary to render a woman *piquante*, a soft word for desirable; and, beyond these casual ebullitions of sympathy, few [men] look for enjoyment by fostering a passion in their hearts. One reason, in short, why I wish my whole sex to become wiser, is, that the foolish ones may not, by their pretty folly, rob those whose sensibility keeps down their vanity, of the few roses that afford them some solace in the thorny road of life.

"I do not know how I fell into these reflections, excepting one thought produced it—that these continual separations were necessary to warm your affection. Of late we are always separating. Crack! crack! and away you go! This joke wears the sallow cast of thought; for, though I began to write cheerfully, some melancholy tears have found their way into my eyes, that linger there, whilst a glow of tenderness at my heart whispers that you are one of the best creatures in the world. Pardon then the vagaries of a mind that has been almost 'crazed by care,' as well as 'crossed in hapless love,' and bear with me a little longer! When we are settled in the country together, more duties will open before me, and my heart, which now, trembling into peace, is agitated by every emotion that awakens the remembrance of old griefs, will learn to rest on yours, with that dignity your character, not to talk of my own, demands.

"Take care of yourself, and write soon to your own girl (you

may add dear, if you please) who sincerely loves you, and will try to convince you of it, by becoming happier."

In this letter Mary Wollstonecraft speaks not for herself alone, but for the vast majority of women as well, when she says: "The way to my senses is through my heart." Nor is her philosophy at fault when speaking of men. Here we have outlined in few words the chief source of unhappiness to woman as woman. Woman's love is centripetal, spiritual, enduring; whereas man's love is centrifugal, sensuous, ephemeral.

The chief cause, as I see it, of this radical difference between women and men in their love-natures is the equally radical difference in the roles assigned by nature to the sexes, respectively, in the work of reproducing the race. If this be true, then there would seem to be little, if any, hope that there will ever be an end to the pangs of JEALOUSY, on the part of woman at least, so long as the race is reproduced in the way it now is and has been in all the past.

The next quotation shows that Mary Wollstonecraft took the ground contended for by Lucifer—that the mother is the natural owner of the child, and also, by logical inference, that woman is the rightful owner of her person. If not the owner of her person—her body—she could not logically claim the ownership of the product of her body. Hence man's law gives the child to the unmarried mother, but to the father if the woman be married to him. Hence also the old legal maxim in the South that the child of a negro slave mother is a slave, though the father be free and white.

"Considering the care and anxiety a woman must have about a child before it comes into the world, it seems to me, by a *natural right*, to belong to her. When men get immersed in the world, they seem to lose all sensations, excepting those necessary to continue or produce life! Are these the privileges of reason? Amongst the feathered race, whilst the hen keeps the young warm, her mate stays by to cheer her; but it is sufficient for man to condescend to get a child, in order to claim it. A man is a tyrant!

"You may now tell me, that, if it were not for me, you would be laughing away with some honest fellows in London. The casual exercise of social sympathy is not enough for me—I should not think such an heartless life worth preserving.

"It is necessary to be in good humor with you, to be pleased with the world."

Our space for this week being now full, with several letters left over, I will make only one more brief selection from Mary's letters to Imlay, illustrative of the agony that woman ever suffers from unrequited or slighted love:

"I was very low-spirited last night, ready to quarrel with your cheerful temper, which makes absence easy to you. And why should I mince the matter? I was offended at your not even mentioning it. I do not want to be loved like a goddess, but I wish to be necessary to you. God bless you."

Italics in last paragraph are mine. These brief selections contain a whole volume of sex ethics. M. H.

We are requested to announce that the Social Science Club of Philadelphia is about to publish "Modern Science and Anarchism," by Peter Kropotkin, translated from the Russian by David A. Modell. Particulars regarding price, etc., will be given later.

Who has a copy of "The Martyrdom of Man" to sell? We would like to buy a few copies. Please state condition and price.

The Chicago Society of Anthropology

Meets Sundays at 3:30 P. M., Hall 913, Masonic Temple. Free lectures. On May 2, Mr. John F. Geeting will lecture.

A couple were to be married after service in a Boston church one Sunday. The minister made the announcement in this way: "The parties that are to be joined in matrimony will present themselves immediately after the singing of hymn No. 245, 'Mistaken souls that dream of heaven.'"—*New York Tribune.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123.]

and Mary Wollstonecraft spoke in thunder tones, and the world is listening to this very hour and acting on her ideas.

This noble woman's life was pathetic and tragical in the extreme. She was a martyr to liberty. Her brief life of thirty-eight years, loaded with injustice, care and sorrow, illumines one of the noblest pages of human history.

Her life was one of mental agony, made so by the wrongs and cruelties that were heaped upon helpless women, and it seemed that each new phase in her career but emphasized her early impressions and fired her brain into rebellion against them.

In her own home and in the homes about her she learned the cruel lessons of life, upon which she founded her moral creed. Her biographers record that her father was a drunkard, and, although the son of a well-to-do English manufacturer, he reduced his family to poverty by his riotous living. It is recorded that her father was the terror and the tyrant of his household, and many a time the child Mary had thrown herself between her father and mother, that she might receive the blows intended for the subjected, frightened mother, whose health had been wrecked by bearing children to the brute who made them the victims of poverty and cruelty.

Mary Wollstonecraft in girlhood had but one bosom friend—Fanny Blood, whose father too was a drunkard, her mother weak, incompetent, and sadly servile to her master, while their children were neglected and cruelly treated. There was nothing in the home of Mary Wollstonecraft, in the home of her friend, or the homes about her, to impress her with the sanctity of the marriage tie or the blessings resulting from the subjection of women.

Though these were conditions in domestic life nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, with all the religion and education we have today the momentous question arises, Are conditions much improved in our time? I leave it to the press, which daily publishes the appalling and grewsome facts, to answer the question.

The close friendship between Fanny Blood and Mary Wollstonecraft stimulated the latter's mental activity and aroused in her the determination to go into the world to seek independence. She was in turn lady's maid, companion, governess and teacher, yet all the time cherishing the idea of defying the world and making literature her profession, that she might utter the protests and ideas regarding the wrongs of women that hourly burned into her brain and heart.

A year's service to Lady Kingsboro, the leader of the exclusive set of her day, gave her a glimpse of the condition of society women, of whom she said: "The wife, mother and human creature were all swallowed up by the factitious character, which an improper education and the vanity of beauty had produced, which was quite feminine according to masculine ideas." Thus equipped by contact with the actual conditions of her sex, Mary Wollstonecraft gave her message to the world.

She was as ardent a hater of shams as Carlyle, and, as her experience and observation taught her that the refinement and cruelty of injustice forced women into quiet submission and patient suffering by the conditions formulated by brute force, she rebelled against them with such power that the fire-tipped denunciations of her pen are echoing in our legal and domestic systems to this very hour.

Mary Wollstonecraft painted the "Doll's House" long before Ibsen and his Norah were dreamed of. She refuted the ideas of Hannah More and Mrs. Barbauld that woman was made to be meek, submissive, and of all things religious, whose only duties were to worship God, and serve and obey man. While such women writers were apologizing for their work, as if it were a womanly indiscretion, Mary Wollstonecraft seized her pen and wrote her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman." It appeared in 1792, and it electrified the European world and was speedily translated into French and German. She was the first woman in the world to make literature a profession. She became the literary star of London, and such men as Tallyrand, Johnson,

Southey, Thomas Paine and the literati of her time paid homage to her genius and courage.

This woman was handsome in person and an intellectual magnet. Southey, writing of her, says: "Of all the lions or literati I have seen here in London, Mary Wollstonecraft's face is the best, infinitely the best."

The year she published her "Rights of Woman" she went from London to Paris, and here occurred the saddest episode in her tragical life. She met, loved, and allied her fate without the legal marriage ceremony to Captain Gilbert Imlay, an American, a man totally unworthy of the devotion of so grand a woman, and he proved himself a character that deserves only execration.

After the publication of "Rights of Woman" and her alliance with Imlay, the world poured upon her defenseless head its torrents of abuse and obloquy. The writing of the book was a minor offense, but ignoring the marriage ceremony was a deadly crime. She was denounced as a "social outcast," "a hyena in petticoats," and Horace Walpole politely called her "a philosophizing serpent." All this while Imlay was trampling on her love; and after bearing him one child, Fannie, being no longer able to bear his indifference, heartless cruelty, and glaring immorality, she severed her relations from him. Twice in her heart-agony did she attempt to take her own life. The world was so cruel that, though steeped in sensualism, yoked to ignorance and tyranny, in after years it hunted the lovely daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft to suicide because the priest had not sealed the marriage vows of her parents.

When Mary Wollstonecraft met Imlay the world was ringing with her literary fame. She had written her "Education of Daughters," "Original Stories of Real Life," her celebrated letters to Burke and Tallyrand, "Reflections on the French Revolution," and her "Rights of Woman." The world was dazed at the splendor of her mental ability and courage, but because she did not believe in the efficacy of words pronounced by a priest to seal a union of hearts, it sought to submerge her name and fame under its torrents of abuse.

George Eliot, the master mind of her century, who has as many commentators as Shakespeare; George Eliot, who gave the world not only a system of philosophy, but a religion, the key of which the future holds; George Eliot, who discussed problems of human life which might have puzzled Plato, who was the idol of her generation—this woman, because she defied custom and entered into conjugal relations with George Henry Lewes without the sanction of the priest, was forced to pay the severe penalty of estrangement from friends, the loss of liberty of speech, the foremost rank among the women of her time, and a tomb in Westminster Abbey.

Mary Wollstonecraft and George Eliot represent a combination of mental strength, moral courage, and fidelity to principle that is not recorded of men in any age.

Ignorant conservatism, whose handmaid is tyranny, scourged these mental titans with the scorpion whip. The oar was placed in their bleeding hands as the only means of escape from the Nemesis that pursued them, yet the scourgers were unworthy to touch even the hem of their garments.

The glaring injustice of a double code of morals is in full force today and pollutes our whole civilization. It is strongly exemplified in the case of the wronged and hunted Princess Louise of Saxony, who has been denied a country and a name, and pursued like a criminal, for deserting a brutal, immoral, tyrannical husband for the companionship of a man who in her desperation extended her kindness and sympathy; yet the husband of this unfortunate woman wears the purple and his titles, and demands homage from his people. Another up-to-date case is the expulsion of Lady Gordon from the English court by Queen Alexandra, when the world has stamped King Edward VII as one of the most notorious profligates of his time.

Conservatism with its lash is ever hunting from the human brain and heart sincerity and mental and moral integrity, and we have the result in the present state of society. Where humanity is robbed of natural human rights it will by some means obtain

privileges called illicit. Ah! if woman knew her power, demanding of men the same moral status that men demand of her, this would be a mighty lever in the solution of the sex problem. The leprosy of license and the tyranny over the mothers of the race have well nigh reduced our social structure to pandemonium.

A single code of morals was a strong key-note struck with such power by Mary Wollstonecraft that it startled the world because the idea had never been advanced before. She uttered this truth: "Tyranny, wherever it raises its brazen front, will undermine morality."

The last chapter in the tragical life of this wonderful woman was her union with William Godwin, a writer of note and a defender of pure reason. They brought to each other that good friendship and intellectual companionship which she declared in her "Vindication" were necessary to a happy union. When she found that for the second time she was to become a mother, a marriage ceremony was performed between Godwin and herself, not that either of them believed in it, but to save their child from the cruel stigma with which society had branded her daughter, Fannie Imlay, and later drove her to suicide.

On August 30, 1797, Mary Wollstonecraft gave birth to Mary Godwin, destined to become famous as Lady Mary Shelley, the wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley. She yielded up her life in the birth of this daughter. She died on September 10, 1797, at the age of 38.

It was a loss to the world that cannot be calculated that she did not reach old age, for in her short but stormy life she rendered greater service to her sex than any woman before her time and blazed a path for those who followed her. But early death was to her a happy release, as she was no doubt more blessed in the silence of death than in the stress and strife of a long life in conflict with a cruel world. Perhaps no fiercer battle was ever fought than that waged in the brain and heart of Mary Wollstonecraft. Her influence has been woven into every effort for woman's emancipation since her day. Under our present domestic conditions it is at least unbecoming to censure any human being for seeking a solution of the most vital of all problems—the relation of the sexes.

It cannot be claimed by the most conservative that the marriage system instituted by Church and State has been or is now a success. The trail of slavery, tyranny, misery, cruelty, suicide and murder is over its entire history, and today in the United States, which claims to lead Christian civilization, conditions are such that a revolution in the social structure is inevitable.

What if a Mary Wollstonecraft had never spoken? The fangs of tyranny and injustice would have been driven deeper into the heart of woman, until she could have given birth only to tyrants, cowards and slaves. But for the stern conviction and splendid courage of a Mary Wollstonecraft, an Elizabeth Cady Stanton would have been an impossibility.

But for the example of a Mary Wollstonecraft, women would never have dared to discuss their wrongs in private or public; yet today from the platforms and through the press they are freely discussing the domestic, political and economic conditions of their sex, and their protests against their wrongs have reached the dignity of a demand and their human rights are being respected.

If a Mary Wollstonecraft had never spoken, no woman would dare challenge the chastity of a husband in the divorce court. Under conservatism, chastity is a feminine virtue, and man consents that woman shall have a perpetual trust on it. Despite the protests of the alarmed clergy, the divorce court is here and doing a thriving business, and is one of the most beneficent institutions of our civilization.

If the Romish doctrine of the indissolubility of the marriage tie reigned supreme, republican institutions would be impossible, and the hope of liberty and justice would die in the human heart. This was the condition of the human race when the priest had absolute power. Then woman was without hope of release, the servile sexual slave of man, and she peopled the world with tyrants, cowards and slaves. The miseries of enslaved mother-

hood have ever been visited with a vengeance on offspring. This Mary Wollstonecraft realized.

O blind, cold and cruel world! though staggering under your load of ignorance and suffering, you have ever hunted to prison and to death humanity's greatest benefactors.

When Mary Godwin was sixteen years old, beside the lowly grave that held the ashes of her heroic mother, the daughter of the woman who wrote the "Vindication of the Rights of Woman" and of the man who wrote "Political Justice," both of which had stirred the hearts of two nations, plighted her love and allegiance to Percy Bysshe Shelley, the greatest of English lyricists—Shelley, who sat upon the throne in the palace of poetry—Shelley the immortal, whose mind followed the skylark into the immaculate recesses of clouds and sunsets—Shelley, who entered the sacred shrine of the human heart, struck its thrilling chords, and filled its sacred chalice with ecstasy—Shelley, who limned in lines of living light the melancholy face of Mary Wollstonecraft in one of his greatest poems, the "Cenci."

Surely this scene at her grave was enough to stir the insensate clay of the most heroic woman of her time.

After the snows of one hundred and forty-three winters have fallen upon the grave of Mary Wollstonecraft, above the condemnation of a bigoted and tyrannical world, the splendor of her genius, the sublimity of her courage, her fidelity to principle, and the heart agony of her brief life, rise in majesty to redeem her from the faults with which she has been charged.

She lived her life, and shed her light, and its radiance will ever light the path to Liberty and Justice, and all women should garland her memory with gratitude.

By Lucy N. Colman.

I find I have nothing special to say regarding Mrs. Wollstonecraft that has not already been said and resaid.

She was one of our earliest reformers, and remained true, accepting the thought which was considered the most advanced in the early period of the advocacy of Woman's Rights.

I supposed I could put my hands on several books which gave her early history in Woman's Rights Reform, but my library seems destitute of the name.

I have a bad habit of giving my books away, particularly books on reform—books which tell what ought most to be known. I have just found in our city library a "Life of William Godwin," in which I find that Mary Wollstonecraft became his wife, but her life with him was not long. A woman of intelligence and liberal opinions, both social and political, she was in thought and practice far in advance of most people of her time. Today everybody, especially woman, believes or supposes she believes in equality of the sexes, and there is comparatively little opposition to woman occupying any place which she finds herself equal to—indeed, she has much less difficulty in taking a place such as man occupies than does a person with colored skin.

I have given so much of my time and thought to the wrong that deprives men of political power because of the color of their skin, that my enthusiasm for Woman's Rights is somewhat tame as compared with the strenuous appeals of some workers for the Rights of Woman, but I have always striven for equality, asking that the persons demanding equality be true to the principle of equality in all things.

By James B. Elliott.

I desire to present briefly the views held by Mary Shelley concerning her mother—the noble woman to whose life and work Lucifer is to devote the last issue of the month of April. Mrs. Shelley wrote:

"Mary Wollstonecraft was one of those beings who appear once perhaps in a generation, to gild humanity with a ray which no differences of opinion nor chance of circumstances can cloud. Her genius was undeniable. She had been bred in the hard school of adversity, and having experienced the sorrows entailed on the poor and the oppressed, an earnest desire was enkindled

within her to diminish these sorrows. Her sound understanding, her intrepidity, her sensibility, an eager sympathy stamped all her writings with force and truth, and endowed them with a tender charm that enchants while it enlightens. She was loved by all who had ever seen her. . . . Did she witness an act of injustice, she boldly came forward to point it out, and induce its reparation. . . . Her life had been one course of hardship, poverty, lonely struggle and bitter disappointment."

To these words of filial affection and appreciation it seems fitting to join the following reference to the mother, in lines addressed to the daughter, by the poet Shelley himself:

"They say that thou wert lovely at thy birth,
Of glorious parents, thou aspiring child.
I wonder not—for one then left this earth
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
Of its departing glory; still her fame
Shines on thee through the tempests dark and wild
Which shake these latter days."

I hope you will have enough contributions from the pens of radical women to fill the memorial number; if not from women, then from men. Paine, Ingersoll, Lincoln, have had special numbers devoted to them; why not Wollstonecraft, George Eliot and the other brave souls?

Hope those who want portraits of Mary Wollstonecraft will send in their orders at once. Single, 25 cents each; Paine and Wollstonecraft, 30 cents. Address James B. Elliott, 3515 Wallace St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Trial Trip Subscriptions.

For one dollar we will send Lucifer ten weeks to eight different addresses, and to the one sending us the list, any one of the following books:

The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State. By Frederick Engels, 217 pages, handsomely bound in cloth. Postage, 6 cents.

The Slavery of Our Times. By Leo Tolstoi. With portrait of author, 186 pages. Blue cloth; silver lettering. Postage 8 cents.

Nora: A Doll's House, and Ghosts. The two dramas bound together. Olive cloth; red lettering. 108 pages. Postage 8 cents. This offer will, we hope, induce our friends to extend Lucifer's circulation materially.

TOLSTOI'S NEW WORK.

The Slavery of Our Times.

With Portrait of the Gifted Author, and Introduction by the Translator, Aylmer Maude.

CHAPTER TITLES,

I., Goods Porters Who Work Thirty-Seven Hours; II., Society's Indifference While Men Perish; III., Justification of the Existing Position of Science; IV., The Assertion of Economic Science that Rural Laborers Must Enter the Factory System; V., Why Learned Economists Assert what is False; VI., Bankruptcy of the Socialist Ideal; VII., Culture or Freedom? VIII., Slavery Exists Among Us; IX., What is Slavery? X., Laws Concerning Taxes, Land and Property; XI., Laws the Cause of Slavery; XII., The Essence of Legislation is Organized Violence; XIII., What Are Governments? Is it Possible to Exist Without Governments? XIV., How Can Governments Be Bolished? XV., What Should Each Man Do? An Afterword.

Well printed on heavy paper. Substantially bound. 186 pages. Price, 65 cents.

Address M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

VACCINATION A CRIME.

With Comments on Other Sanitary Superstitions

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.

"Vaccination spreads diseases; vaccination impairs the organic functions; vaccination encourages reliance on worthless remedies; vaccination spreads small-pox; compulsory vaccination furnishes dangerous legal precedents."

With illustrations of diseases frequently resulting from vaccination. 195 pages. Price 10 cents. For sale by M. Harman, 500 Fulton St. Chicago.

Agents Wanted To sell the Toltco Dandruff Cure and the Toltco Hair Dressing (restores natural color). Are clean and perfect. Liberal commission. Write for circulars. Address: The Toltco Remedies Co., Box 1807 Denver Colo.

987.

If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer, your subscription expires with this number.

If a copy of Lucifer fails to reach you, please order by number or date.

Lucifer will not be sent "by return mail" unless stamps for postage are enclosed with order.

To NEW SUBSCRIBERS: Your subscription is paid to No. If you have not ordered Lucifer, a friend has subscribed for you. If you do not wish to receive it, please notify us by card or through your postmaster. If you wish to become a regular subscriber you will confer a favor by renewing before the expiration of your trial subscription.

WAR ON CATS!

Prices of America's leading watches out below biggest catalogues!

HAMPDEN: "Special R-Way," 23 jls., \$32; "New R-Way," 23 jls., \$26; "John Hancock," 21 jls., \$21; "Dueber Watch Co.," 21 jls., \$18; same, 17 jls., \$16; Hampden, 17 jls., adj'd, \$10; 15 jls., \$7; 7 jls., \$4.50; "Century," \$3.

ELGIN: "Veritas," 23 jls., \$20; same, 21 jls., \$25; "B. W. Raymond," 19 jls., \$20; same, 17 jls., \$18.50; "Wheeler," 17 jls., nickel, \$11; same, gilt, \$9; Elgin, 15 jls., \$7; 7 jls., \$5.

WALTHAM: "Vanguard," 23 jls., \$20; same, 21 jls., \$25; "Crescent Street," 21 jls., \$20; "Appleton, Tracy & Co. Premier," 18.50; same (not "Premier") \$16; "Bartlett," nickel, 17 jls., \$11; same, gilt, \$9; 15 jls., \$7; 7 jls., \$5; "Standard," \$3. These all in silver screw cases. In 20-year gold-filled \$3.50, in 25-year cases \$6 more, all prepaid.

Send for prices of Solid Gold 12 size or Ladies' Watches, Diamonds, Opals, Silver Plated and Optical Goods, Music Boxes, Jewelry, Chains, Clocks, Free-thought and other badges, Ingersoll spoons, and my tract—"Theism and the Crucible"—free.

OTTO WETTSTEIN, La Grange, Cook County, Ill.

LOVE'S COMING OF AGE.

BY EDWARD CARPENTER.

This is a book with which few will wholly agree, but which nearly every one can read with profit and enjoyment. The subject is the relation of the sexes in the past, present and future, and it is treated with absolute frankness and fearlessness by a writer who unites a broad outlook, a strong grasp of his subject and a charming literary style. The following table of contents will indicate the line of thought followed by the author.

The Sex Passion.
Man, the Ungrown.
Woman, the Serf.
Woman in Freedom
Marriage: a Retrospect.
Marriage: a Forecast.
The Free Society.

Some remarks on the early star and sex worship.

Notes—On the Primitive Group Marriage; Jealousy; The Family; Preventive Checks to Population.

The book is printed on extra book paper and handsomely bound in cloth. Price, \$1.

Address M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

DO YOU EVER THINK

Of the fate of the Prodigal Daughter? The Prodigal Son is forgiven and received with rejoicing—why should different treatment be accorded to his sister? For a vivid, true picture of the conditions in homes and factories which produce thousands of so-called fallen women every year, read "The Prodigal Daughter; or, The Price of Virtue," by Rachel Campbell.

SPECIAL OFFER.

This valuable work sent free on receipt of twenty-five cents for a thirteen week's trial subscription to Lucifer the Light Bearer. M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton Street, Chicago, Ill.

VICE: ITS FRIENDS AND ITS FOES

BY EDWIN C. WALKER

CONTENTS:—Brotherhood of Man; The Recognition of Facts; Folly of "For Men Only." Definition of Vice; Horrors of Prostitution; Abnormal Sexuality; Errors of Fathers, Mothers and Teachers; Persecution Does Not Reform; Prostitution and the Crusaders; The "Spoiling of the Heathen;" What are the Effects of Raids and Crusades? The Economic Side of the Problem, Party Politics in Vice Crusading; In What Does Prostitution Consist? Some Causes of Prostitution; Two Kinds of Prostitution Compared; The Opponents of Divorce; "Purifying" the Tenements; Action for Advanced Women.

WITH APPENDIX:—The Wanderings of a Spirit; Our Fair Civilization. The Folly and Cruelty of It All. Price 15c.

Address M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

A Private Maternity Home

Or Lying-in Hospital for Women During Pregnancy and Confinement. Especially adapted to classes that wish to avoid publicity. We provide a home for the infant by adoption if desired.

For particulars and terms give description of case, and address. Suite 63-119 LaSalle St. Chicago Ill.

G. S. WOOD, M. D.

RADICAL LITERATURE.

For Sale by Harman, 500 Fulton St., Chicago.

A CHAMBERMAID'S DIARY. By Octave Mirbeau. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. 686 pages. Handsomely bound in cloth. \$1.50.

AGE OF REASON. Thomas Paine. Cloth, with steel plate portrait, 95c; paper 15c.

ANARCHISM: Its Philosophy and Ideal. Peter Kropotkin. 5c.

A PHYSICIAN IN THE HOUSE. A New Family Medical Work, by Dr. J. H. Greer. This book is up-to-date in every particular. It will save you hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. It tells you how to cure yourself by simple and harmless home remedies. It recommends no poisonous or dangerous drugs. It teaches how to save health and life by safe methods. It teaches prevention—that it is better to know how to live and avoid disease than to take any medicine as a cure. It is not an advertisement and has no medicine to sell. It has hundreds of excellent recipes for the cure of the various diseases. It has 16 colored plates showing different parts of the human body. The chapter on Painless Midwifery is worth its weight in gold to women. The "Care of Children" is something every mother ought to read. It teaches the value of Air, Sunshine, and Water as medicines. It contains valuable information for the married. This book cannot fail to please you. If you are looking for health by the safest and easiest means, do not delay getting it. It has eight hundred pages, is neatly bound in cloth, with gold letters, and will be sent by mail or express, prepaid to any address, for \$1.75.

A PLEA FOR THE NEW WOMAN. May L. Collins. With large new half-tone portrait. 15c.

A TALE OF THE STRASBURG GEESSE. R. B. Kerr. Together with The Strike of the Strasburg Geesse (C. W. Coolidge), A Traveler's Tale (R. B. Kerr), The Cat's Story (Emilie Zola) 5c.

AUTONOMY, SELF-LAW. A fragmentary dissertation on the right to non-invasive self-hood. 5c.

BALZAC'S HIRAPHTA: The Mystery of Sex. Mary Hamford Ford. Cloth, 5c.

BORNING BETTER BARRIES—Through regulating reproduction by controlling conception. R. B. Foote, Jr., M. D. 5c.

CHILDREN OF THE ITALIAN POOR. Paola Lombroso. 5c.

DAWN OF CIVILIZATION, THE; or, England in the Nineteenth Century. J. G. Spence. 176 pages. 25c.

DARWIN, THE. (A Novel.) Elmina D. Sienker. 50c.

CHICAGO CONFERENCE OF TRUSTS. Speeches, debates, etc.; 51 portraits of delegates, including Benj. R. Tucker, Laurence Gronlund, William Jennings Bryan, Samuel Gompers, Louis F. Post and George Schilling. 626 pages. 50c.

DIGGING FOR RED-ROCK. Camp-meeting talks and sketches by Moses Harman. 5c.

DR. FOOTE'S SOCIAL SCIENCE SERIES OF DIME PAMPHLETS—Wedlock; Scientific Marriage; Heredity; A B C of Temperaments; Powell and his Critics; Physiological Marriage; Physical Improvement of Humanity; Causes of Disease, Insanity, and Premature Death; A Step Backward. Any of the above books sent by mail on receipt of price.

EAST TENNESSEE SKETCHES. A and Cecilia Chavannes. 5c.

ECONOMICS OF ANARCHY. A Study of the Industrial Type. Dyer D. Lam. 15c.

EIGHT-HOUR MOVEMENT. John F. Altgeld, ex-Governor of Illinois. 5c.

EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION. Elisee Reclus. 5c.

FIELDS, FACTORIES, AND WORKSHOPS; or, Industry Combined with Agriculture and Brain Work with Manual Work. Peter Kropotkin. 360 pages. 50c. Postage 5c.

FREN PRESS. Arguments in support of demerger to the indictment of M. Harman, E. C. Walker and George Harman, under the Comstock law. G. C. Clemens and David Overmyer. 20c.

GIORDANO BRUNO. His Life, Teachings, and Martyrdom. Burned for heresy in Rome, Feb. 17, 1600. 5c.

GOD AND THE STATE. Bakounine. 5c.

GOVERNMENT ANALYZED. A remarkable work by a remarkable man, Col. John R. Kelso, the history of whose life reads more like romance than reality. This book is the last of a series—Delt Analyzed, Bible Analyzed, Universe Analyzed. By the author's death this work was left unfinished, but was completed by his wife, Etta Dunbar Kelso. 519 pages; cloth. Price reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.

HILDA'S HOME. Rosa Graul. "An o'er true tale" of woman's wrongs and of one woman's struggles and final triumphs in her attempt to secure justice for herself and for her sisters. 68 pages. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50c.

HUMAN RIGHTS. J. Madison Hook. 5c.

IMPORTANCE OF HONEST MONEY. A simple, scientific, invariable standard of price. James Adelman. 220 pages. Paper, 50c.

IN BRIGHTER CLIMES; or, Life in Scotland. Albert Chavannes. 5c.

INFIDEL DEATH-BEDS. "Idle Tales of Dying Horrors." G. W. Foote. Brief biographical sketches of 77 Freethinkers, including Bruno, Buckle, Byron, Comte, Darwin, George Eliot, Gibbon, Goethe, Hugo, Harriet Martineau, Mill, Paine, Madame Roland, George Sand, Shelley, Volney, and Voltaire. 5c.

IN HELL AND THE WAY OUT. A plan of Social Democracy outlined. Henry H. Allen. 15c.

INSTITUTIONAL MARRIAGE. From the viewpoint of an exiled Ma-sian. M. Harman. 5c.

JOHN'S WAY. A domestic radical story. Elmina D. Sienker. 5c.

KAREEKA. Ethics of Marriage. A bold, brave book, teaching ideal marriage, rights of the unborn child, a designed and controlled maternity. Sample pages free. \$1.

KORADINE. A story for young and old. Extra levant cloth. \$1.

LIBERTY IN LITERATURE. Testimonial to Walt Whitman. "Let us put wreaths on the brows of the living." An address delivered in Philadelphia, Oct. 21, 1894, with portrait of Whitman. Containing also Col. Ingersoll's address at the funeral of Walt Whitman, Mar. 30, 1893. Cloth, 50c.

LIBERTY. Political, Religious, Social, and Moral. A. F. Tindall. 5c.

LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE FOLKS. Elmina D. Sienker. Boards, 5c.

LIZZIE MELTON. A story of a self-reliant girl. By Albert Chavannes. With portrait of author. 5c.

LUCIFER. Third Series, Vol. III. (1899). Cloth, \$1.50. Postage, 5c.

MAGNETATION, and Its Relation to Health and Character. Albert Chavannes. 5c.

MARRIAGE. An address by Dr. Juliet H. Severance. 5c.

MARRIAGE IN FREE SOCIETY. Edward Carpenter. A dainty little gift book. 5c.

MEN, WOMEN AND CHANCE. William Platt. Containing two tales: The Ascent to the Heights, and Blind Men and Sealing. Well printed on heavy paper and artistically bound in cloth. Gift top, rough edges. 15c.

MEN, WOMEN, AND GODS. Helen H. Gardener. With preface by Col. R. G. Ingersoll. Contents: Introduction by Col. Ingersoll. Men, Women, and Gods. Vicarious Atonement. Historical Facts and Theological Fictions. Appendix. Address to the Clergy and Others. Letter to Cleveland Congress of Freethinkers. The only authorized and correct edition. Large 12mo, heavy-tinted paper. Portrait. This volume is by far the best writing this famous author ever did. It is very 50c. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50c.

MISSING LINK IN MODERN SPIRITUALISM, THE. A. Leah (Fox) Underhill. With portraits of the Fox Sisters and others. 475 pages. Cloth. Reduced to \$1.

MORIBUND SOCIETY AND ANARCHY. Jean Grave. Cloth, 50c; paper, 25c.

MOTHERHOOD IN FREEDOM. M. Harman. 5c.

NORA, A DOLL'S HOUSE, and GHOSTS. Ibsen. Cloth, 75c.

OUR WORSHIP OF PRIMITIVE SOCIAL GURSE. R. C. Walker. Containing: Love and Law; The Making of the Monogamous Ideal; The Continuity of Race-Love, and Tyranny; Food and Sex; Fallacies; a Criticism; When Men and Women Are and When They Are Not Varietists; The New Woman; What is she? What will she be? The State Hiding Behind Its Own Mistakes; Bishop Potter's Opinion of Divorce; Love: Its Attraction and Expression; Is She an Honest Girl? Lloyd, Platt, and the Pitiful Facts; Social Radicals and Parents; Anthropology and Monogamy; Love and Trust Versus Fear; Reflections upon Reading William Platt's "Women, Love, and Life." 15c.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF TWO AMERICAN ANTI-VIVISECTIONISTS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES. Philip G. Peabody. With an Appendix by Col. R. G. Ingersoll. Reduced from 50c to 15c.

PERSONAL RIGHTS AND SEXUAL WRONGS. Oswald Dawson. 5c.

PRISTINE CELIBACY. Prof. A. L. Rawson. Together with The Incoherence of Transition (R. C. Walker), Motherhood in Freedom (Moses Harman), The Greatest Sin (an allegory, R. B. Kerr), and Jealousy, the Foe of Freedom (Oscar Rottler). 5c.

RELIGION AND RATIONALISM. The relation of each to human liberty. The religionist, fancying that he has the whole truth, is logically opposed to investigation, and he appeals to physical force to arrest the discovery of new truths. What Rationalism is, and how many believers themselves Freethinkers who are only unbelieving or disgruntled religionists. The necessity of separate organizations and a division of labor among reformers. The Secular Union. Important facts and arguments in compact form. R. C. Walker. 5c.

RIGHTS OF MAN. Thomas Paine. Answer to Burke's attack upon the French revolution. A political treatise of great general value, as advocating liberty and democracy. Contains the fundamental principles of true republicanism. Cloth, 50c; paper, 25c.

RUMAITAT (Quatrains) OF OMAR KHAYYAM. Edward FitzGerald's interpretation; with original introduction; special cover; latest version. Paper, 15c.

RULED BY THE TOMB. A discussion of free thought and free love. Oxford Northcote. 15c.

SCIENCE IN STORY; or, Sammy Tabbs, the Boy Doctor, and Sponsie, the Troublesome Monkey. For young folks. Dr. R. B. Foote. Five volumes in "red line," presentation edition. \$5. Five volumes, plainer binding, \$1.50; all in one volume, \$1.

SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE YOUNG. Being the fifth volume of "Science in Story." 550 pages; cloth bound; illustrated. 50c.

STUDIES IN SOCIOLOGY. In four parts: I. The Law of Happiness; II. The Law of Individual Control; III. The Law of Exchange; IV. The Law of Environment. Albert Chavannes. 5c.

TALKS ON NATURE. Important information for both sexes. Dr. J. H. Greer. 128 pages. Reduced from 50c to 15c.

THE ABOLITION OF MARRIAGE. John Beverly Robinson. Together with Isabel's Intention (Marlette), Reminiscences of Berlin Heights (A. Warren), and The Sexes and Love in Freedom (Oscar Rottler). 5c.

THE BLUE LAWS OF CONNECTICUT. Taken from the Code of 1850 and the public records of the Colony of Connecticut previous to 1850. With an account of the persecution of Witches and Quakers in New England, and some extracts from the Blue Laws of Virginia. Copiously illustrated. 5c.

THE WOMAN WHO DID. Grant Allen. A powerful story of a refined, educated and high-spirited woman who dared to defy the tyranny of church and state and ignore the institution of marriage. Handsomely bound in cloth. \$1.

THE NEW HEDONISM. Grant Allen. The opening paragraph says: "The old hedonism said: 'Be virtuous and you will be happy.' The new hedonism says: 'Be happy and you will be virtuous.'" In another place the writer says: "In proportion as men have freed themselves from medieval superstitions have they begun to perceive that the unclean and impure things are celibacy and asceticism; that the pure and beautiful and ennobling thing is the fit and worthy exercise of the reproductive function." Paper covers; 50 large pages; twelve copies, 50c. Single copy, 5c.

THE CHICAGO MARTYRS. The famous speeches of the eight condemned anarchists in Judge Gary's Court, and Altgeld's reasons for pardoning Fielden, Neobe and Schwab. 5c.

THE COMING WOMAN. Lillie D. White. 5c.

THE EVOLUTION OF MODESTY. Jonathan Mayo Crane. A consideration of the origin of clothes and the reasons why people wear clothing. Here are a few questions it answers: What is modesty? What is the cause of it? What is the use of it? What is the cause of the feeling of shame? Is nudity immodest? What is the cause of the notion that it is shameful to expose some parts of the body? Why do not all peoples agree as to what parts of the body should be concealed? 5c.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE; or, The Threelfold Power of Sex. Lois Waisbrooker. 5c.

THE FUTURE OF SECULARISM. When will the Cause of Justice triumph? 5c.

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER; or, The Price of Virtue. Rachel Campbell. Together with Legal Wifehood (Lucinda B. Chandler), Life's Gifts (Olive Schreiner), and Marriage—What It Was and Is; Will the Coming Woman Marry? 5c.

THE REVIVAL OF PURITANISM. R. C. Walker. 15c.

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN. R. B. Kerr. Together with What Are Women Here For? (R. B. Foote, Jr., M. D.), The New Martyrdom (Lillian Harman), and The Will, from the French of Guy de Maupassant. 5c.

THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE. As viewed from a moral and sanitary standpoint. A solemn protest against the present demoralizing management of that institution, its effects upon offspring and its influence upon education. By Dr. Robert A. Greer. A valuable "opening wedge" in missionary work. Price reduced from 50c to 10c.

THE SECRET INSTRUCTIONS OF THE JESUITS. A reprint from an edition published in 1723, quoted by the highest authorities as authentic. The work is redolent of Jesuit craft and is a plain index to the underhand working of that order against the welfare of individuals and society. 15c.

THE UNWOMANLY WOMAN. Lizzie M. Holmes. Together with That Great Fraud, Telegt Society (Moses Hull), Virgin Soil (George Egerton), and Normal Sexual Action (Ernest Winne). 5c.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. His Political, Social and Religious Philosophy. Gen. M. M. Trumbull. 5c.

TOKOLOGY. A book for every woman. By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Illustrated. Tokology teaches possible painless pregnancy and parturition, giving full, plain directions for the care of a woman before and after confinement. The ailments of pregnancy can be prevented as well as the pains and dangers of childbirth avoided and women need not go down to death giving birth to children. English, German or Swedish. \$1.50.

TRAVELS IN FAITH. By Capt. Robert C. Adams. His mental experience from superstition to rationalism. Cloth, 50c; paper, 25c.

VACCINATION A GIGANTIC CRIME. Samuel Darling. 15c.

VINDICATION OF THOMAS PAINE. Col. R. G. Ingersoll. Dealing with all the slanders brought against the name and fame of Paine. A little pamphlet which every admirer of Thomas Paine should have by him for reference. Paper, 15c.

VITAL FORCE. Magnetic Exchange and Magnetization. Albert Chavannes. 5c.

WHAT THE YOUNG NEED TO KNOW: a Primer of Sexual Rationalism. Edwin C. Walker. "Let us cease to be ashamed of what makes us men, of what makes us women, of what gives us the kisses of lovers and the encircling arms of babes." Paper covers; 62 large pages. 15c.

WHAT IS RELIGION? Ingersoll's last public address, delivered at the meeting of the Free Religious Association in Boston on June 1, 1898. To which is appended the poem, "Declaration of the Free," the last verse written by the great Freethinker. 5c.

WHY THE UNDERSTONE? An open letter to Judge Gary. Sarah E. Ames. 15c.

WOMAN, CHURCH, AND STATE. Matilda Joselyn Gage. This is Mrs. Gage's last and crowning work. Every woman ought to read it. Every liberal woman and man will want it. A burning protest against the tremendous wrong done woman by the church, which controlled the state. It ought to be widely read for the good it will do. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, 50c.

Address M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.